

Complete Songbook

Binder: V

Folder: C

Title: Checker Board VMFA 312, A Hymnal for Checkers

Branch of Service: U.S. Marines

Unit: Marine Fighter Attack Squadron 312 (VMFA-312)

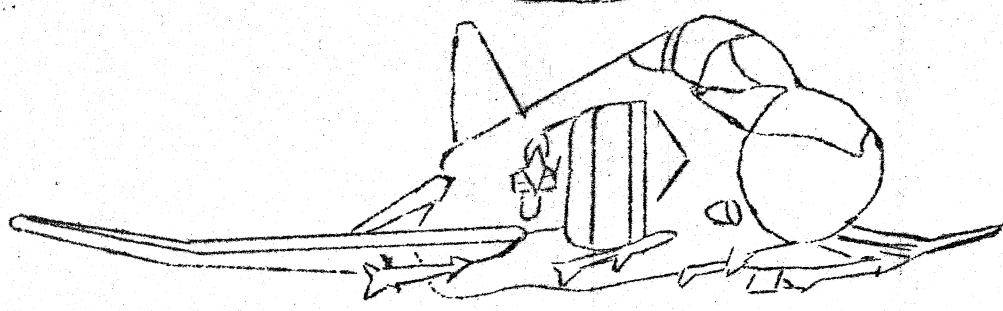
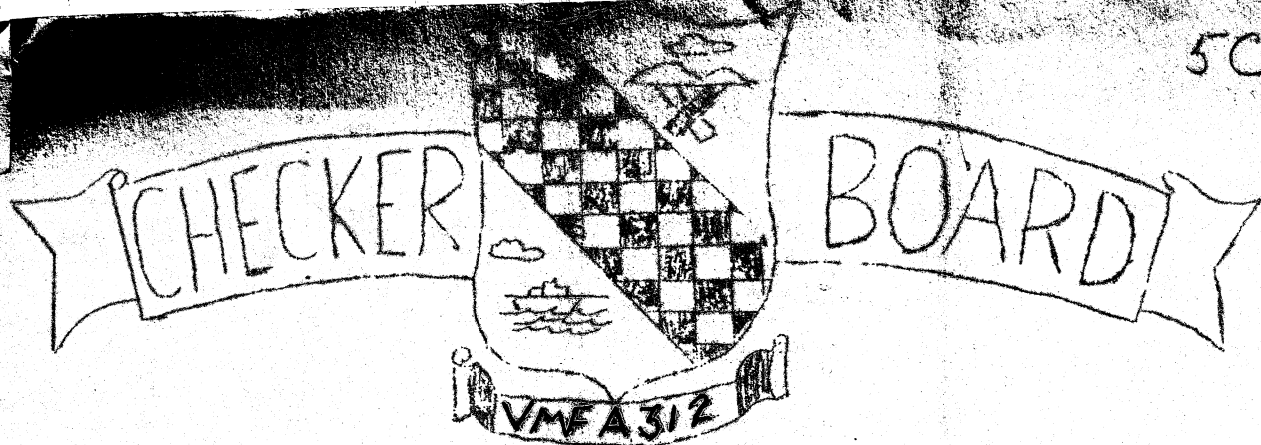
Date:

Place:

Source: Gretz Collection

Notes: Cover and 17 pages of song text.

Handwritten note on cover says, "To John Powatti, from Steve Ridgew
a member of the ~~checkers~~²¹ Checkerboards"



To John PLOWATT
 from Steve Ridgway
 A HYMNAL FOR THE

Checkers

A Member of The
 Checker boards

THE FRIAR OF GREAT REKNOWN

There was a friar of great reknown

" " " " " "
" " " " " "

And he Raped a girl from our town
Raped a girl from our town

CHORUS:

Ha, Ha, Ha, -Ho, Ho, Ho, HORSESHIT!!
That dirty ole COCKSUCKER!!!
That rotten ole SON-OF-A-BITCH!!! FUCK HIM!!!

He laid her on a downey bed

" " " " " "
" " " " " "

And-then-he- He busted up her maidenhead
He busted up her maidenhead

CHORUS:

He laid her on the dewey grass

" " " " " "
" " " " " "

And-then-he-Shoved his penis up her ass
Shoved his penis up her ass

CHORUS:

She said "Kind sir, Please cease and quit"

" " " " " "
" " " " " "

And-then-he- Bit her on her rosy teat
Bit her on her rosy teat

CHORUS:

He laid her on an old oak stump

" " " " " "
" " " " " "

And-then-he- Missed her ass and split the stump
Missed her ass and split the stump

CHORUS:

They buried her on Chestnut Street

" " " " " "
" " " " " "

And-then-he- Sat on her grave and beat his meat
Sat on her grave and beat his meat

CHORUS:

He laid her on the burial ground

" " " " " "
" " " " " "

And-then-he- Tho't he'd go another round
Tho't he'd go another round

CHORUS:

We found her on the cold, cold ground

" " " " " "
" " " " " "

And-then-we- Ran the bastard out of town
Ran the bastard out of town

CHORUS:

IN KEY WEST OL' HOWIE'S THE PLACE

(chorus)

Aye, Yi, Yi, Yi,
Aye, Yi, Yi, YiYi
In Key West Ol' Howies the place
The troopers they sing
The officers they drink
And the barmaids will sit on your face.

There once was a hermit named Dave
Who kept a dead whore in his cave
He said "I'll admit, I'm a bit of a shit
But look at the money I save."

There once was a girl from the west
Who sucked off all men with great zest
With voluptuous howls, she'd suck out their bowels,
and spit shit all over their chests.

There once was a girl from St. Paul
Who went to a masquerade ball,
She had the affront to go as a cunt
And got screwed by a dog in the hall.

There was a young lady named Alice
Who used a dynamite stick for a Phallus
They found her vagina in South Carolina
And her ass-hole just outside of Dallas.

There once was a fairy named Bloom
Who took a lesbian up to his room
They argued all night, as to who had the right
To do what and with which and to whom.

There were three monks from Paree
Who went out in the garden to pee
Oh, Bascumb cum Biscum, why doesn't the piss come,
It must be the C-I-A-P.

There once was a man from Wexar
Who played the bassoon by ear
With tremendous erections, he had our selections
By Johann Sebastian Bach

There once was a man from South Boston
Who bought himself a new Arnold
There was room for his ass and a gallon of gas
But his balls hung out and he lost 'em.

There once was a young man named Clyde
Who fell in an outhouse and died
Likewise his brother, who fell in another
and now they're interred side by side.

There was a young man from Dakota
Who wouldn't pay a whore what he owed her
So with great savoir faire, she climbed on a chair
and played in his whiskey and soda.

There was a young man from Kent
Whose prick was so long that it bent
To save himself trouble, he put it in in double
And instead of coming, he went!

There was a young man from Denec
Who bugged an ape in a tree
The results were most horrid, all ass and no forehead
Three balls and a purple goatee.

There was a young lady from Decatur
Who was screwed by a big alligator
Nobody knew the results of the screw
Cause after he laid her he ate her.

There was a young lady named Esther
Who said to the man as he undressed

her
"If you don't mind, use the hold
behind

The front one is beginning to
fester!"

There was a young lady from Gibraltar
Who accidentally fell into the water
By her howls and her squeals,
You could tell that the eels
Had found her sexual quarter

There was a young man named Glass
Whose balls were made out of brass
When he clanged them together,
they played Stormy Weather
And lightning shot out of his ass.

There was a young man from Nantucket
Whose dong was so long he could suck it,
He said with a grin,
As he wiped off his chin,
If my ear were a snatch I would fuck it.

There was a young man from Sparta
Who was quite reknowned as a farta
He could fart anything
from "God Save the King"
To Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata"

There once was a pirate named Gates
Who thought he could rhumba on skates
He fell on his cutlass,
and now he is nutless
And practically useless on dates.

There was a young man from Racine
Who invented a fucking machine
Concave or convex,
it could screw either sex
and jack itself off in between

There was a young man from St. Claire
Who was screwing his girl on the stair
The bannister broke,
he double his stroke
And polished her off in Mid-Air.

On the breast of a quail named Gail
Was tatooed the price of her tail
And on her behind,
for the sake of the blind
Was the same information in Braille.

There was a young man from Bombay
Who fashioned a cunt out of clay
The heat from his dick
turned the clay to brick
and wore all the foreskin away.

There once was a man named McGrueder
Who stripped his girl as he wooed her
She said it was rude,
to be wooed in the nude
But McGrueder was ruder, he screwed her.

There was a lady from Wheeling
Who had a peculiar feeling
She laid on her back and tickled her crack
And pissed all over the ceiling.

BYE BYE CHERRY

Oh, back her ass against the wall, here I come, balls and all,
Bye, Bye Cherry
Oh, she came once and I came twice, Holy jumping Jesus Christ,
Bye, Bye Cherry

DUMMY SONG

You take a leg from some old table,
You take an arm from some old chair,
You take a neck from some old bottle,
And from a horses ass you take a little hair,
And then you put 'em all together,
With a little spit and glue,
And I'll get more loving from a Goddamn dummy
Than I'll get from you.
Get out and walk,
Your hops been canked,
Whiskey Nine!

CHASTISEMENT

Shame on you!
You said a dirty word, you said a dirty word,
Skipper's gonna get you,
Skipper's gonna get you,
Skipper's gonna have your ASS!

MARY JANE BARNES

Mary Jane Barnes was the queen of all the acrobats
She could do tricks that would give a fellow shits.
She could shoot green peas from her fundamental orifice
Do a double-somersault and catch them on her tits
She's a great big son-of-a-bitch, twice as big as me
She's got hair on her ass like branches on a tree
She can run, fight, fart, fuck, fly a plane, and drive a truck.
She's the kind of girl that's gonna marry me, HEY!

I'M LOOKING UNDER

I'm looking under a dress and wonder why I never looked before
First come the ankles and then come the knees
Then come the panties that sway in the breeze
No use explaining the one remaining
Is something we all adore
I'm looking under a dress and wonder why I never looked before

GIVE ME OPERATIONS

CHORUS: Give me operations, way out on some lonely atoll
For I am too young to die, I just want to grow old

Don't give me an old Shooting Star
She flies like an Model- TCar
She flew in Korea, she gives diarrhea,
Don't give me an Old Shooting Star.... CHORUS

Don't give me an 86-D
With rockets, radar and AB
She's fast, I don't care, she blows up in mid-air
Don't give me an 86-D.....CHORUS

Don't give me a One double Oh
To drop bombs all over the foe.
She's trim and she's neat, but she's now obsolete
Don't give me a One double Oh.....CHORUS

Don't give me McDonnell's Voodoo
There's nothing that she will not do
She'll really pitch up, she'll make you throw up!
Don't give me McDonnell's Voodoo.....CHORUS

Don't give me an F-105
Cause I love being alive
She's great for attack, she soaks up more flak
Don't give me an F-105.....CHORUS

Don't give me an old F4D
With a navigator flying with me
Her dihedral's neat, but she's got a back seat
Don't give me an old F4D.....CHORUS

DON'T CRY LADY

Don't Cry lady
I'll buy your Goddam pencils
Don't cry lady, I'll buy your flowers, too
Don't cry lady, Take off those dark brown glasses
Hello, Mother, I knew it was you

THE GROCERY STORE (JOHN BROWN'S BODY)

Old _____ used to own a grocery store
He used to hang his meat upon the outside of the door
All the little children coming home from school would shout
Old _____, your pork is hanging out.

PHANTOMS IN THE SKY (GREEN JERET SONG)

Phantoms in the sky, Charlie Cong prepare to die.
Rolling in with snake and nape, God creates, but we cremate.

North of Khe Sahn we did go, Then the FAC said from below,
Hit my snake and you will find, the NVA are in a bind.

We rolled in at a 1000 feet, We saw them bastards beating feet
But they couldn't run quite half as fast, As my pipper was on their ass.

They counted casualties til ten, The final count was 1000 men,
No more they'll pillage, kill, and rape, Cause we fried em with our nape.
CRISPY CRITTERS!

A COLD WINTERS EVENING

It was a cold winter's evening, the guests were all leaving
O'Leary was closing the bar

When the bartender said to the lady in red

"Get out, you can't stay where you are"

She shed a fat tear in her bucket of beer, as she thought of the
cold night ahead

When a gentleman dapper stepped out of the crapper, and these are
the words that he said

Oh, her mother never told her the things a young girl should know

About those men who wear Navy wings and how they come and go

(mostly go!)

Now age has taken her beauty and sin has left its sad scar,

So remember your mothers and sisters, boys, Let Nellie sleep under the bar.

I DON'T WANT TO JOIN THE NAVY Dedicated to FltLt John Ticehurst

I Don't want to join the Navy,

Oh, I don't want to go to war.

I just want to hang around, Picadilly on the ground,

Living off the earnings of a high born lady

I don't want a bullet up me arsehole

I don't want me buttocks shot away

I'd rather be in England, Jolly, jolly England,

And fornicate me blooming life away

Oh, Monday, I touched her on the ankle

Tuesday I touched her on the knee

Wednesday, with much success, I finally lifted up her dress

Thursday, I touched her on the thigh, Oh Bliny.

Friday I put me hand upon it,

Saturday, she gave me dork a twee, TWEAK, TWEAK!

But, it was Sunday after supper, I ranned me ole boy up her,

And now she wants it seven days a week, Oh Bliney!

Call out the Army and the Navy,

Call out the rank and file

Call out the Territorials, the bloody Territorials,

They'll face danger with a smile, Oh Rather!

Call out the members of the Old Home Guard,

They'll not let danger within a mile

Oh, you can call out me mother, me sister and me brother,

But for God's sake, don't call ME!!!!!!

OFF WE GO

Off we go into the wild blue yonder-----CRASH!

Anchors aweigh, my boys----SPLASH

Over hill, over dale, as we hit the dusty trail-----COUGH, COUGH COUGH!!

From the Halls of Montezuma----TAKE MY PICTURE!!!

YELLOW ROSE OF HANOI

There's a yellow rose of Hanoi, She loves a fighter crew
She runs the Hanoi Hilton, She longs to welcome you.
Her father's name is Ho Che Minh, He has a long goatee
And if you greet him nicely, He'll let you stay for free.

CHORUS

Her eyes are shaped like almonds, and I'll give you a hunch
Try not to meet her family, they are a nasty bunch
Fish heads and rice for breakfast, Fish heads and rice for tea
As long as they don't catch me, No fish and rice for me.

Oh, you may fly a Phantom, or you may fly a Thud.
But if you fly to Hanoi, Then listen to me Bud,
You may talk of girls in Bangkok, Or 'Frisco Bay' and such
But the Yellow Rose of Hanoi is just a bit too much.

THERE ARE NO FIGHTER PILOTS DOWN IN HELL

Oh there are no fighter pilots down in hell---REPEAT
The place is full of queers, navigators, bombardiers
But there are no fighter pilots down in hell

Oh there are no Air Force pilots in the fray---REPEAT
They're all in USO's, wearing ribbons, fancy clothes
And there are no AirForce pilots in the fray

Oh there are no Navy pilots in the scrap---REPEAT
They're all in BOQ's, reading NavAir News
And there are no Navy pilots in the scrap

You can tell a navigator by his ass---REPEAT
Oh, it's forty inches wide, getting wider every ride
You can tell a navigator by his ass

Oh there are no fighter pilots up in Wing---REPEAT
The place is full of Brass, sitting around on their ass
Oh there are no fighter pilots up in Wing

Oh there are no fighter pilots in the States---REPEAT
They're all on foreign shores, making mothers out of whores
There are no fighter pilots in the States.

WALTZING MATILDA

Once a jolly swagman camped beside a billabong
Under the shade of a Kollabah tree
And he sang as he watched and waited while his billy boiled
You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me

CHORUS

Waltzing Matilda, Waltzing Matilda,
You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me
And he sang as he watched and waited while his billy boiled
You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me

Down come a jumbuck to drink from the billabong
Up jumped the swagman and laughed with glee
And he grabbed that jumbuck and stuffed him in his tuckerbag
You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me

THE TOAST

Here's to the _____, the _____, the _____,
Here's to the _____, the best of them all
He eats it, he beats it, he often mistreats it.
Here's to the _____, the best of them all

THE WHIFFENPOOF SONG

To a table down at Mory's, to the place where Looie dwells
To the dear old Temple Bar we love so well.
Sing the Whiffenpoofs assembled, With their glasses raised on high
And the magic of their singing casts a spell.
Yes, the magic of their singing, all the songs we love so well
"Shall I wasting" and "Maneuvered" and the rest.
We will serenade our Looie while life and voice shall last,
Then we'll pass and be forgotten with the rest..

We are poor little lambs who have lost our way, Bah, Bah, Bah,
We are little lost sheep who have gone astray, Bah, Bah, Bah,
Gentlemen, Songsters off on a spree, damned from here to eternity
God have mercy on such as we, Bah, Bah, Bah.

DANANG LULLABY (MY BONNIE) CHORUS

Roll in, roll in, Good Lord how the mortars roll in, roll in.. REPEAT
I went over to Southeast Asia, to fight my own war in the air.
I've spent half my tour in a bunker, I don't think that is really fair

Each day I go off to fly combat, and then I go to the club for a beer
I usually finish the first one, and then Charlie's mortars I hear.

Each morning we go off to combat, at dawn in the clouds, fog and the rain
The Gyrenes are up even sooner, to recapture the ramp at Danang.

When my 100 missions are over, I'll resume the life that I led
My wife will think it is silly, to stack sandbags up 'round our bed.

WAS IT YOU WHO DID THE PUSH'N?

Was it you who did the push'n, Put the stains upon the cushion
Foot prints on the dashboard upside down?
Was it you with sly wood pecker got into my girl Rebecca?
If it was, you'd better leave this town.

REPLY-

Yes, it was I who did the push'n, Put the stains upon the cushion,
Footprints on the dashboard upside down.
But since I laid your daughter, I've had trouble passing water,
Guess we'll call it even all around!

METHUSELUM: AN ANCIENT LOVE SONG

In days of old there lived a jade, who always did a roaring trade
A prostitute of ill repute, the harlot of Jerusalem

CHORUS: Alla Methuselum, the harlot of Jerusalem
Alla Methuselum, the daughter of the Rabbi

Methuselum was a wily witch, a dirty whore, a son of a bitch
And all the peters they did itch that dangled in Methuselum..CHORUS

Methuselum's hole was round and red, for forty years it had not bled
It smelled just like it had been dead since the founding of Jerusalem

And then there lived a giant who with his prick could dust a wall
He fornicated nearly all the harlots of Jerusalem

Then one day Methuselum took the giant to a shady nook
And from his pants his peter took the pride of all Jerusalem

The son-of-a-bitch was underslung, he missed her cunt and hit her dung
And sowed the seeds of many a son in the ass-hole of Methuselum

Methuselum always knew her part, she puckered up and let a fart
And blew him like a bloody dart over the walls of Jerusalem..

THE TEN DAYS OF TET (PLUS TWO)

On the first day of Tet, My Marine gave to me;
A hand job in a GV
2nd day--- Two brass bars
3rd day--- Three ugly BAMS
4th day--- Four blown tires
5th day--- Five days in hack
6th day--- Six days of duty
7th day--- Seven O' dark thirties
8th day--- Eight smelly skivvies
9th day--- Nine gooks a-gunning
10th day--- Ten TPQ's
11th day--- Eleven AOM's
12th day--- Twelve drippy dicks

PLASTIC JESUS

I don't care if it rains or freezes, Long as I got my plastic Jesus
Riding on the dashboard of my car,
Through all my trials and tribulations, and my travels through the nation
With my Plastic Jesus I'll go far.
Plastic Jesus, Plastic Jesus, Riding on the dashboard of my car.
I'm afraid He'll have to go, His magnets ruin my radio,
And if I have a wreck, He'll leave a scar.

I don't care if it's dark and scary, Long as I got my Magnet Mary,
Riding on the dashboard of my car.
I ain't worryin' about my bad behavior, Long as I got my Polyethelene-
Savior, Riding on the dashboard of my car.
Plastic Jesus, Plastic Jesus, Riding on the dashboard of my car.
Though the sun on His back, makes the plastic pool and crack,
With my Plastic Jesus I'll go far.

When I'm in a traffic jam, He don't mind if I say "damn"
I let all sorts of curses roll,
Plastic Jesus doesn't hear, for He's got a Plastic car,
The man who invented plastic saved my soul.
Plastic Jesus, Plastic Jesus, Riding on the dashboard of my car,
Once His robe was snowy white, Now it ain't quite so bright,
Stained by the smoke of my cigar.

When I'm weaving 'round at nite, the police won't catch me though I'm
tight, They won't find my booze, though they ask.

Plastic Jesus shelters me, for His head screws off, you see.
He's hollow, and I use Him for a flask.
Plastic Jesus, Plastic Jesus, Riding on the dashboard of my car,
Come with me and have a dram, of the blood of the lamb,
Plastic Jesus is a Holy Bar.

JESUS SAVES

Christ walks on water, He's the lifeguard at our pool (REPEAT TWICE)
Jesus saves, Jesus saves, Jesus saves.

Christ puts His money in the First National Bank (REPEAT TWICE)
Jesus saves, Jesus saves, Jesus saves.

THE PALE MOON

It's not the pale moon that excites me
That thrills and delights me,
Oh, No!
It's your ass, It's your ass,
It's your big fat ASS!!!!

STRAFE THE TOWN (Tune: Wake up the town)

Strafe the town and kill the people, Its the only thing to do
Set your gunsights residential, you'll get more kills if you do
Drop the napalm in the schoolyard, see the children run and shout
Note the mass hysteria, as they try to put it out

Drop your snakeyes in the temple, see the zippers in the blast
Watch them trample one another as they try to save their ass
Shoot your zunis at the sandan, pull up quick to miss the fire
BABY WON'T YOU LIGHT MY FIRE

YOU CAN TELL (THE CAISSON SONG)

You can tell by the smell, When her pussy isn't well.
And the end of the month rolls around.
You can tell by the stink, When her Pussy's on the blink,
And the end of the month rolls around.

For it's hi, hi, hee, In the Kotex factory,
Shout out your sizes loud and strong, (small, Medium, Large, $\frac{1}{2}$ a mattress)
For where ere you go, you will always know,
When the end of the month rolls around.

I LOVE MY GIRL

I love my girl (yes I do, Yes I do), I love her truly.
I love the hole she pisses through,
I love her tits, tittly wits, tittly wits,
And her nut-brown asshole.
I'd eat her shit, shittly wit, shittly wit,--With a wooden stick.
I'd eat her poop, doodly oop, doodly oop,--With a wooden scoop,
I'd eat her crap, craddly ap, craddly ap,--With a folded nap.

O'RILEY'S DAUGHTER

As I was sitting in O'Riley's bar,
Listening to the tales of blood and slaughter.
Came a thought into my mind,
Why not shag O'Riley's daughter.

CHORUS: Fiddley I oo, fiddley I oh
Fiddley I oo, for the one ball Riley
Rig a jig jig, Balls and all
Rub a dub dub, Shag on.

I grabbed that bitch by the ass
Then I slung my left leg over
Shagged and shagged and I shagged some more
Shagged 'till all the fun was over.

Then came a knock upon the door
And who should it be but her Goddamned father
Two horse pistols by his side
Looking for the guy who shagged his daughter

I grabbed that bastard by the ass
Shoved his head in a pail of water
Rained those pistols up his ass
A darned sight farther than I shagged his daughter

As I go walking down the street
People shout from every corner
There goes the Goddamned Son-of-a-bitch
The guy who shagged O'Riley's daughter

THE BLUE STAR (MY BONNIE)

Take the blue star out of the window, Mother
Replace it with one made of gold
Your son was a damn good wingman,
But he died in a whore house in Seoul, tough shit!
CHORUS: Tough shit, tough shit,
He died in a whore house in Seoul, tough shit!
Tough shit, tough shit
He died in a whore house in Seoul, tough shit!

Take the blue star out of the window, Mother
Replace it with a gold one instead,
Your son just got hit with a mortar,
It blew off his whole fucking head, tough shit.

Take the blue star out of the window, Mother,
Replace it with one made of brass,
Your son was as F4B driver,
Who yesterday busted his ass, tough shit!

Take the blue star out of the window, Mother,
Your son hadn't got any nerve,
He says he's defending his country,
And he's just a Goddamn reserve, HORSE SHIT!!!!

THE SINGING TELEGRAM

Your son got killed today, He bought the farm, Ha, Ha.
He flew his F4B, right into Subic Bay.
While flying high and far, On his horizon bar,
He went down spinning, turning descending, way too far.
Upon recovery, quite accidentally,
He had a rendezvous, with a friendly Sparrow III.....FLY NAVY!!!!!!

ANOTHER GREETING FROM WESTERN UNION (CAMPTOWN RACES)

Your son died in Viet Nam, Doo Dah, Doo Dah.
Your son died in Viet Nam, Oh Doo Dah Day.
Shot him through the head---Killed that fucker dead.
Your son died in Viet Nam, Oh Doo Dah Day.

TI YI YIPPEE

CHORUS: Ti yi yippee, yippee yay, yippee yay.
Come a ti yi yippee, yippee yay

I jumped for the saddle, the saddle wasn't there,
So I rammed 8 inches up the old gray mare.

I went down to the cellar to get a glass of cider
There sat a bed bug jacking off a spider.

I went upstairs to get a glass of gin
There sat the bedbug jacking off again.

I said, look here, Jack, this won't do
So I sat down and jacked off, too.

The last time I saw her and I haven't seen her since,
She was jacking off a big one through a barbed wire fence.

The last time I seen her she was floating down the stream,
With her asshole blowing bubbles and her cunt a puffing steam

Well I laid her in the kitchen upon the floor
And the wind from her ass blew the cat out the door

I screwed her standing and I screwed her lying,
If she'd had wings, I'd a screwed her flying.

MARINE (Tune to GHOST RIDERS)

You can have your Army khaki, you can have your Air Force blue,
There's just one kind of uniform, I'll introduce to you.
It's not made of gold or silver, it's the finest ever seen.
The Germans called them Devil Dogs, they call themselves Marine.
CHORUS: Marine, Marine, (Repeat last line of verse)

They make them down in I.T.R., the land that God forgot,
The nights are cold, the bunks are hard, the sun is blazing hot.
And there they learn to do their job and how to do it well,
And when they get a little time, they go out and raise some Hell. CHORUS

They fought on Iwo Jima, and on Okinawa, too.
The Japs thought they were fighting gods when they fought on Pelileau.
When they hit the beaches, they dug into the sand,
And many a brave Marine, my lad, was buried in that land. CHORUS

If the Army or the Air Force, ever gaze on Heaven's scenes,
They'll find their wives are sleeping with United States Marines.
And when I get to Heaven, to St. Peter I will tell,
"Another Marine reporting, Sir, I've spent my time in Hell" CHORUS

THE CHECKERBOARD HYMN (WITH THANKS TO THE CRUSADERS)

They came screaming from the sun, there was work to be done.
Their craft were manned by daring few, With their Checkers raised on high
And a challenge in their eye, 'Twas the fearless crews of 312
The troops there were waiting, their chances were fading
Their hopes of getting out were growing few
Then a thunderous roar was heard, came a screaming silver bird
'Twas the fearless crews of 312.
The bombs came raining in, bringing death upon the wind
The enemy was finally subdued
As the jets were pulling out, You could hear the troopers shout
It's the fearless crews of 312
So let all you who hear, in places far and near
Sing praises of the gallant men who flew
And as they scream into the sun, With another job well done.
THE FEARLESS CREWS OF THREE ONE TWO

MY RED HAVEN (MY BLUE HEAVEN)

When evening draws nigh, and passion runs high,
I hurry to my red haven
A little red light, a turn to the right,
Will lead you to my red haven.
You'll see a smiling face on a pillow case, A smile divine.
Tomorrow night she's some other guy's, But tonight she's mine.
Just Molly and me, there'll never be three.
We're careful in my RED HAVEN.

HINKY DI

Up in Vietnam midst high rocks and heat
The poor Viet Cong are feeling quite beat.
For as the Phantoms roar by overhead,
He knows that his buddies all soon will be dead.
Hinky di, hinky dinky di, hinky di, dinky dinky di, (Repeat last line of verse)

HooChi went way up to old Phu Bai
His prize Commie Army in action to spy.
He got there a half hour after the U.S.
And all that he found was their hats, ass and shoes.

Uncle Ho Chi, your stooges have found
It just doesn't pay to invade foreign ground
For when they disturbed the serene morning calm
They brought on the rockets, the bombs and Napalm.
(CONTINUED)

HINEY DI (CONT.)

We fought at DaMang and at Chu Lai, too
At Kho Sahn and Ben Hai and Citadel "U"
So here's to our pilots and here's to our crew
The target, the Nape, and the great Phantom Two.

A GATHERING OF THE CHECKERS

Twas a gatherin' of the CHECKERS, and the lads were all there
A feelin' of the Lassies among the pubic hair

CHORUS:

Singin' a how'd, you do last night, How do you play
The lad that had ya' last night, He's gonna have ye today

The Parsons daughter she was there, A sittin' down in front
A wreath of roses in her hair and a carrot up her cunt.

The Parson's wife she was there, her ass against the wall
A shoutin' to the laddies, come ye one and all

The bride was in the kitchen, explaining to the groom
The vagina, not the rectum, is the entrance to the womb

The queen was in the parlor, counting out her wealth
The King was in the bedroom playing with himself

The village idiot was there, Asitting by the fire
Attempting masturbation with an Indian rubber tire

The fat old cook she was there, a givin' us the shits,
A leaping off the mantle piece and bouncing off her tits.

The village "looney", he was there, sittin' on a pole
He pulled his foreskin over his head, and whistled thru the hole

There was fuckin' in the parlor, fuckin' in the ricks
And you couldn't hear the music for the swishin' of the pricks

Now the party's over, They've all gone home to rest
They say they liked the music, but they liked the fucking best.

OLD KATE

Now old Kate was a school marm, way out West
Till she decided she liked fuckin' best
Now she'd fuck'm all, and fuck for keeps and pile her victims up in heaps
Now, down from the mountain, from Half-Ass Creek, came a blue-balled
Bastard named Piss-Pot Pete

Now old Pete had 40 lbs of swingin' ass
And when he stretched it out on the bar, it stretched from thar to thar

Now old Kate knew she'd met her fate, but to back out now was just too late
All the people went to the mountain to get their seat to watch old

Pete sink his meat

Now Kate's broad ass plowed the ground for miles around
She tried shunts and fronts, and double shunts and tricks unknown
to other cunts

Then she made one mistake, naid so, just one.

I'll never forget that God-awful day, when they nailed her tits to the
shit-house door and pickled her ass in alcohol and set it in the
City Hall

No soap, this side of Hell could get out that God-awful smell

SNARE SHIT!!!!

THE IRISHMAN'S PRICK

Oh you've got to be nimble, You've got to be quick
To watch an Irishman handle his prick, It's as long as his arm
And as thick as your wrist, And a knob on the end as thick as your thigh

WHEN THE ICE IS ON THE RICE (BANKS OF THE WABASH)

When the ice is on the rice in Southern Honshu
And the Sake in the cellar starts to freeze
And your Jo-san on the futon says "I ruv you"
Then you're getting just a skoshie Nipponese

When th CO starts to miss the morning muster
When the XO has "Enlisted man's disease"
And the pilots and RIO's are all grounded
Then you're getting just a skoshie Nipponese

When you're dancing to the strains of Tonko Bushi
And you're saying "Kudasai" instead of "Please"
And you leave your shoes outside upon the doorstep
"I sink you're going skoshie Nipponese"

When your Mama-san invites you home for supper
And the Jo-san's in the ville start giving keys
And old Quackus holds a pecker check on Monday
Then you're getting Mucho Nipponese

Oh, when you start saving yen like it was really money
'Stead of flinging it like paper in the breeze
And you think that everything you say is funny
Then, my lad, I think you're TRULY NIPPONESE

THE WOODPECKER SONG (DIXIE)

I stuck my finger in the woodpecker's hole
And the woodpecker said, "Goddamn your soul"
Take it out, take it out, take it out, Remove it.

I took my finger from the woodpecker's hole
And the Woodpecker said, "Goddamn your soul"
Put it back, put it back, put it back, Replace it.

I replaced my finger in the Woodpecker's hole,
And the woodpecker said, "Goddamn your soul"
Turn it around, turn it around, turn it around, Revolve it.

I revolved my finger in the Woodpecker's hole,
And the Woodpecker said, "Goddamn your soul"
The other way, the other way, the other way, Reverse it.

I reversed my finger in the Woodpecker's hole,
And the Woodpecker said, "Goddamn your soul"
Take it out, take it out, take it out, Remove it.

I removed my finger from the Woodpecker's hole,
And the Woodpecker said, "Goddamn your soul"
Take a whiff, take a whiff, take a whiff, Revolting!!

VIRGIN STURGEON (RUEBEN RUEBEN)

Caviar comes from the virgin sturgeon, the sturgeon is a very fine fish
Virgin sturgeon need no 'urgin', That's why caviar is my dish.

I fed caviar to my girlfriend, She was a virgin tried and true
Now my girlfriend needs no 'urgin', There ain't nothin' she won't do.

I fed caviar to my Grandpa, He was a man of 93
Screams and shrieks were heard from Grandma, He had chased her up a tree.

I fed some caviar to my Grandma, She came down out of that tree,
Then my Grandma and my Grandpa started to raise a family.

I fed some caviar to my rooster, I fed some caviar to my cow
Now the barnyard sure looked funny, All the cows have feathers now.

OLD NUMBER NINE

Was a dark and stormy nite, not a star was there in sight
And the Phantoms were tied down to the line
When in shit up to their ears, stood two lonely volunteers
With orders to fly old number 9.

Well their ass was racked with pain as they climbed into that plane
And their bunghole was puckered fit to tie
And they offered up a prayer as they climbed into the air
For they knew that it was their nite to die.

As they flew over Hanoi, they could see a school or two
See the women and the children very well
But how were they to know that they'd fly so Goddamn low
That their bomb-blast would blow their ass to Hell

In the wreckage they were found with their guts all over the ground
And the Gooners came and raised their weary heads
With their poor lives almost spent, here's the message that they sent
To their buddies, so sad to see them go.

We used an 8 to 10 delay, but it didn't work out that way
And without a tail an F4B won't fly.
Tell the Skipper for me, that he now has 23
You can roll up the ladder, SEMPER FI!!!!

TEN MILES FROM BATLAKE (OLD SMOKY)

10 miles from Batlake, all covered with flak
I lost my poor wingman, He'll never come back

Now flying's a pleasure, but crashing is grief
For a quick triggered Commie is worse than a thief

A thief will just rob you, and take what you have
But a quick triggered Commie will lead you to the grave

The grave will decay you and turn you to dust
Not one MIG in a thousand aPhantom can trust

They'll chase you and kill you and feed out more lead
Than cross-ties on a railroad, or MIGs overhead

For the planes they will splatter, the crews they will die
You'll stay here in I Corps, and newer more fly

The moral of this story, Can plainly be seen
Stay East of old Diego, Be a STATESIDE MARINE

WINGS OF GOLD (BYE BYE BLACKBIRD)

Wings of Gold, bars of brass, You can shove them up your ass
Bye, bye Navy
We don't give a shit for you, you've got a wife I'd like to screw
Bye, bye, Navy.
No one in this outfit understands me, Look at all the bullshit they all
hand me
Wings of Gold, bars of brass, you can shove them up your ass
Navy, bye, bye.

Bars of brass, wings of lead, I'd like to take your wife to bed
Bye, bye, Air Force
You can shove your Air Force blue, and your regulations, too
Bye, bye, Air Force

(FILL IN AS APPROPRIATE)

A POOR AVIATOR LAY DYING (MY JONNIE)

A poor aviator lay dying, at the end of a cold winter day
His comrades had gathered around him, to carry his fragments away

The airplane was piled up on his breastbone, the gyro was wrapped round
his head

He wore a wing tank on each elbow, 'twas plain he would shortly be dead..

He spit out a valve and a gasket, and stirred in the oil where he lay
To mechanics who round him came sighing, these brave parting words he
did say

Take the landing gear out of my stomach, and the drogue chute off of my neck
Extract from my liver the throttles, there's lots of good parts in this wreck
There's a hydraulic pump in my larynx, and a good SPC in my brain
Take the impingement valve from my kidneys, and assemble the damn plane
again. (DEDICATED TO OUR A.M.O.)

THE BALL AT KILLIMORE

Four and twenty virgins came down from Inverness
And when the ball was over there were four and twenty less
Singing balls to your partner, ass against the wall
If you've never been fucked by a CHECKER my girl
You've never been fucked at all.

(Chorus)

The maintenance officer, he was there
Looking mighty proud,
Hanging from a chandelier
And pissing on the crowd, Singing balls to ----- etc.

The colonel's lady she was there
She had the crowd in fits
Jumping off the mantelpiece
And landing on her tits, Singing balls to ---- etc.

The executive officer he was there
He wasn't up to much
Because a girl he'd tried to grab
Had kicked him in the crotch, Singing balls to ---- etc.

The fearless Ops.O., he was there
Looking like a fool
Sitting in the corner
Rubbing lipstick off his tool, Singing balls to ----etc.

The squadron C.O., he was there
He was a great disgrace
For after he'd had twenty girls
He couldn't stand the pace, Singing balls to ----etc.

All the CHECKERS they were there
Grossing out the crowd
By singing pornographic songs
Much too fucking loud, Singing balls to ----etc.

NELLIE DARLING Tune: Red River Valley

Oh your ass is like a stove pipe Nellie darling
And the nipples on your tits are turning green
There's a thousand gnats abounding 'round your asshole
You're the ugliest bitch I've ever seen

There's a yard of lint protruding from your navel
When you piss, you piss a stream as green as grass
There's enough wax in your ears to make a candle
So why not make one dear, and shove it up your ass.

AVIATOR'S HYMN

(Tune: Battle Hymn of the Republic)

Here's a toast to all Marines who wear Navy wings of gold
They are fearless fighter pilots, they are brave and they are bold
They carouse a bit and drink in quantities untold
And they'll never fly home again;

Chorus: (Sung at the same time) Gory, gory, what a helluva way to die
Stall, Spin, Crash, Burn and Die
Gory, Gory, what a helluva way to die
Stall, Spin, Crash, Burn and Die
Gory, Gory, what a helluva way to die
Stall, Spin, Crash, Burn and Die
And they'll never fly home again

Oh, it wasn't lack of throttle and it wasn't faulty trim,
He wasn't turning in the groove, he didn't stall and spin,
He just forgot to switch his tanks, too bad he couldn't swim,
And they'll never fly home again.

CHORUS:

He was coming through the 90 when he got a little slow,
He ignored the waving paddles of the frantic LSO.
When he finally added power, he was just too Goddamned low,
And he'll never fly home again.

CHORUS:

There were little bits of wreckage scattered o'er the Naval Base,
And a little pool of blood to mark his final resting place,
Now he wears a Mark 8 gunsight where he used to wear his face,
And he'll never fly home again.

CHORUS:

I saw a burning body fall from 40,000 feet,
He squirmed, he kicked, he clawed the air, my God but it was neat,
With the chute wrapped around his body and the shrouds around his feet,
And he'll never fly home again,

CHORUS:

The outlook wasn't brilliant for Marine F4's that day
The targets that were spotted were too many miles away,
But Joe Gyrene and his RIO decided they would stay,
And they'll never fly home again,

CHORUS:

The target was a village in a valley steep and wide,
The RIO said, "It looks to be a one-way ride"
But the pilot said, "Don't worry man, we'll take this one in stride"
And they'll never fly home again.

CHORUS:

The napalm was delivered, but the pilot was in doubt
His speed was great, his pullout late, when he began to shout
In less time than it takes to tell, the pair of them punched out,
And they'll never fly home again.

CHORUS:

The Phantom hit the trees, burst into flames and was a wreck,
An Air Force chopper spared them both a long survival trek,
They never fly together now, if you would care to check,
And they'll never fly home again.

CHORUS:

They climbed into their cockpits on that sultry August day,
As they readied for their cat shot, both their hearts were young and gay
But shortly they were both to learn the Devil was to play
And they'll never fly home again.

CHORUS:

He tried to cut the burners in, but 'twas to no avail,
The chute was shot, the brakes were hot, the nose became the tail,
The RIO screamed, "Let's get out!" but Joe was like a snail,
And they'll never fly home again.

CHORUS:

The aircraft came to rest in such a state you'd not believe,
(It never got like that performing high-time fighter weave)
And four days later, the pilot did his major's leaves receive,
And they'll never fly home again.

AVIATOR'S HYMN-Gont.

CHORUS:

Ten thousand dollars goin' home to their wives
Ten thousand dollars in exchange for their lives
(Oh won't they be excited
Oh won't they be delighted
Think of all the things that they can buy.)
More Goddamned money and no more family strife.
And they'll never fly home again.

EARLY ABORT

(Tune: Macnamara's Band)

Oh, my name is (NAME), I'M the leader of the group,
You can stop into my ready-room, and I'll give you all the poop,
I'll tell you where the targets are, and where the flack is black,
I'll be the first one off the deck, and the first one back

CHORUS:

Early abort, avoid the rush, early abort, avoid the rush,
Early abort, avoid the rush, oh the raggedy-ass Marines are on parade,
parade, parade, oh the raggedy-ass Marines are on parade.

Oh, I fly the F4B, and people say it's great
But when it comes to fighting MIG's, those swept wings just don't rate
I was born to be a fighter jock, to grapple in the blue
But when it comes to fighting MIG's, I'll tell you what I'll do

CHORUS:

And then I'm sure you know our leaders in the wing
Any night in the O'club you can hear how they sing
With words they fight a helluva war, they say they will go too
But just you give them half a chance, and here's what they will do

CHORUS:

GABE 01

(Tune: Wabash Cannon Ball)

clay
Hello, ~~Beaufort~~ Tower, this is Gabe 01
I'm turning on the downwind, my turbine's overrun
Fire warning lite is blinking, hydraulic pressure is gone
I've lost both generators, and the low fuel lite is on.

clay
Hello Gabe 01, this is ~~Beaufort~~ Tower
Take it to the southwest and come back on the power
Duty officer is in the snackbar, cup of coffee in his hand
I'll have to get his okay before you're cleared to land.

ASHAU VALLEY

Oh! Who'll carry the mail through the Ashau Valley?
REPLY: I'll carry the mail through the Ashau Valley.
But there's lions in the Ashau Valley.
REPLY: Fuck the lions!!
You'd fuck a lion?
REPLY: I'd fuck a lions mother!!
YOU LION MOTHER FUCKER

But there's Indians in the Ashau Valley.
REPLY: Fuck the Indians!!
You'd fuck an Indian?
REPLY: I'd fuck an Eskimo!!
YOU COOL MOTHER FUCKER

THE SAVIOR OF MEHECHIO

My name is Pancho Villa, and I drive a Karman Gieha.
I've got the gonncreha, I got it from Luciea.

She gave it to me free-ah
give me my boots and saddle
and I will fuck all the cattle
give me my pills and water
I screwed the wrong Spainards daughter.